That makes ambition vertue: O farewell,
Farewell the neighing Steed, and the shrill Trumpe,
The spirit-stirring Drumme, the eare-peircing Fife;
The royall Banner, and all quality,
Pride, pompe, and circumstance of glorious warre.
And O ye mortall Engines, whose wide throates,
The immortall *Ioues* great clamor counterfeit;
Farewell, *Othello's* Occupation's gone.

Iag. Ist possible my Lord?

Oth. Villaine, be sure you proue my Loue a whore,
Be sure of it, giue me the oculer proofe,
Or by the worth of mans eternall soule,
Thou hadst bin better haue beene borne a dog,
Then answer my wak'd wrath.

Iag. Ist come to this?

Oth. Make me to see't, or at the least so proue it,
That the probation, beare no hinge, nor loope,
To hang a doubt on: or woe vpon thy life.

Iag. My noble Lord.

Oth. If thou doest slander her, and torture me,
Neuer pray more, abandon all remorce.
On horrors head, horrors accumilate:
Do deeds, to make heauen weepe, all earth amaz'd,
For nothing canst thou to damnation ad greater then that.

Iag. O grace, O heauen defend me,
Are you a man, haue you a soule or sence?
God buy you, take thine office, -- O wretched foole,
That liuest to make mine honesty a vice,
O monstrous world, take note, take note, O world,
To be direct and honest, is not safe,
I thanke you for this profit, and from hence,
I'le loue no friend, since loue breedes such offence.

Oth. Nay stay, thou shouldst be honest.

Iag. I should be wise, for honestie's a foole,
And looses that it workes for:
I see sir, you are eaten vp with passion,
I doe repent me that I put it to you,

You

You wou'd be satisfied.

Oth. Would, nay, I will.

Iag. And may, but how, how satisfied my Lord?
Would you, the superuisor grossely gape on,
Behold her topt?

Oth. Death and damnation -- oh.

Iag. It were a tedious difficulty I thinke,
To bring em to that prospect, dam em then,
If euer mortall eyes did see them boulster
More then their owne; what then, how then?
What shall I say? where's satisfaction?
It is impossible you should see this,
Were they as prime as Goates, as hot as Monkies,
As salt as Wolues, in pride; and fooles as grosse,
As ignorance made drunke: But yet I say,
If imputation and strong circumstances,
Which leade directly to the doore of truth,
Will giue you satisfaction, you may ha't.

Oth. Giue me a liuing reason, that shee's disloyall.

Iag. I doe not like the office,
But sith I am enter'd into this cause so farre,
Prickt to't by foolish honesty and loue,
I will goe on: I lay with *Cassio* lately,
And being troubled with a raging tooth, I could not sleep.
There are a kinde of men so loose of soule,
That in their sleepes will mutter their affaires,
One of this kinde is *Cassio*:
In sleepe I heard him say, Sweete *Desdemona*,
Let vs be merry, let vs hide our loues;
And then sir, would he gripe and wring my hand,
Cry out, sweete creature, and then kisse me hard,
As if he pluckt vp kisses by the rootes,
That grew vpon my lips, then layed his leg
Ouer my thigh, and sigh'd, and kissed, and then
Cried, curse fate, that gaue thee to the Moore.

Oth. O Monstrous, monstrous.

Iag. Nay, this was but his dreame.